

# LOWER SANDUSKY FREEMAN.

VOLUME I.

LOWER SANDUSKY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1849.

NUMBER 26.

## The Lower Sandusky Freeman.

### TERMS.

Payments advance. . . . . \$1.50  
Do. within the year. . . . . 2.00  
Do. after the expiration of the year. . . . . 2.50  
A failure to notify us of a desire to discontinue, is understood as wishing to continue the subscription, and the paper will be sent accordingly, but all orders to discontinue, when arrears are paid, will be faithfully attended to.

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3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bill and order their papers discontinued.
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How to stop a paper.—First see that you have paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; notify the post master of your desire, and ask him to notify the publisher under his frank, [as he is authorized to do] of your wish to discontinue.

### Business Directory.

#### COUNTY AND TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

**Commissioners.** Eleazer Baldwin, Woodville, John L. Gardner, York, Hiram Hurd, Green Creek.  
**Auditor.** Homer Everett, Office Court House.  
**Treasurer.** Oliver McIntyre, do.  
**Recorder.** Benjamin F. Fletcher, do.  
**Prosecuting Attorney.** J. L. Greene, do.  
**Sheriff.** James Parks, do.  
**Surveyor.** H. E. Clark, office at his residence.

**Poor House Directors.** Alvin Cole, Sandusky, Joseph Reed, Washington, Franklin Gale, Green Creek.

#### COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

**President Judge.** Hon. Ebenezer B. Saddle, Sandusky city.  
**Associate Judges.** Hon. A. McIntyre, Townsend, Hon. J. S. Olmsted, Sandusky, Hon. F. Chapman, Bellevue.

**Clerk.** La Q. Rawson, Office Court House.  
**Auctioneer.** Samuel Crowell, of Sandusky tp.  
**Master in Chancery.** Ralph P. Buckland, Office Tyler's block.

**Commissioner of Insolvency.** Chester Edgerton, Office Court House.

#### JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

**Sandusky Tp.** John Bell, office over Eddy's store, John L. Greene, office Co't House David Engler.

**Ballville.** John Moore and Jonas Smith.  
**Green Creek.** Amos Fenn and Wm. H. Gale.  
**Washington.** John Beery and James Rose.  
**Riley.** Levi F. Tuttle and Wm. H. Reynolds.  
**York.** Wm. S. Russell and Abram P. Ferris.  
**Townsend.** S. A. McIntyre and A. B. Lindsey.  
**Woodville.** Ira K. Seaman and S. G. Baker.  
**Scott.** James A. Fisher and Daniel Baker.  
**Madison.** Jeremiah N. King and James Long Rice.  
**Ephraim.** Walters and David Olinger.

#### CORPORATION OFFICERS.

**Mayor.** J. B. G. Downs.  
**Recorder.** C. J. Orton.  
**Marshall.** Frank Bell.  
**Treasurer.** John S. Tyler.

**Councilmen.** R. P. Buckland, La Q. Rawson, A. J. Dickinson, Frank Bell and D. L. June.

**Board of Health.** J. S. Tyler, W. N. Morgan, La Q. Rawson, A. J. Dickinson, and F. Bell.

#### Times of holding Courts in the 13th Circuit, 1849.

**Sandusky.**—March 26, June 18, October 15th.  
**Erie.**—March 19, May 21, October 1st.  
**Huron.**—March 12, June 4, September 18.  
**Wood.**—April 2, October 23.  
**Ottawa.**—May 1, September 10.  
**Lucas.**—April 6, June 25, Oct. 26.

#### 1849.] C. B. McCULLOCH, [1849.

DEALER IN  
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE-STUFFS,  
BOOKS, STATIONARY, &c.

#### Lower Sandusky, Ohio.

**RALPH P. BUCKLAND,**  
ATTORNEY and Counselor at law and Solicitor  
in Chancery, will attend to professional business in  
Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Office—Second story of Tyler's Block.

#### JOHN L. GREENE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW and Prosecuting Attorney  
for Sandusky county, Ohio, will attend to all pro-  
fessional business entrusted to his care, with promptness  
and fidelity.

Office at the Court House.

#### CHESTER EDGERTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Office—At the Court House.

#### Fox & Beauprand,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.  
RESPECTFULLY tender their professional services  
to the citizens of Lower Sandusky and vicinity.

Office—One door south of McCulloch's Drug store.

#### LA Q. RAWSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
LOWER SANDUSKY OHIO.

May 26, 1849. 14

#### Millinery and Dressmaking.

**MISS L. E. LENON,**  
WOULD invite the Ladies of Lower Sandusky,  
and vicinity, that she is prepared to work in  
the neatest manner and in the fashion  
RESIDENCE, nearly opposite the Methodist Church.  
May 26, '49. 143m.

#### PORTAGE COUNTY

**Mutual Fire Insurance Company.**  
**R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.**  
LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO.

#### Wanted at this Office.

CORDS good Hickory and Ash wood. To those  
who have promised us Wood we say, we want  
it now. Freeman Office, L. Sandusky, May 26.

## Poetry.

### THE PRISONER.

Written by a convict in the Massachusetts State Prison.

At the lone hour of night, in his iron bound cell,  
When the peaceful in slumber are hush'd,  
He looks back on life to the spot where he fell,  
And mourns o'er those days that are crush'd.

O'er friendships withdrawn, o'er beloved ones estrang'd,  
For he once had beloved ones like thee: [ed,  
But the cup of his bliss to sorrow is chang'd,  
And his pleasure to deep misery.

I knew him in childhood, in boyhood, in youth,  
Ere his heart knew of sorrow or guile,  
When the words from his lips were regarded as truth,  
And his face wore an innocent smile.

I was present the while at the altar he stood,  
With the fair one he loved by his side;  
Oh how fondly he gazed on the one he had woo'd,  
As she tendered her hand as his bride.

And I know that his heart had affection's pure flame,  
Yes, the warm flow of feeling was there,  
And I know that ere now, since the bitterness came,  
'Tis that same one his heart holds most dear.

I knew him a father, when he cheerfully smiled  
On the loved one that clung to his knee,  
And he thought, while caressing his beautiful child,  
There was no one more happy than he.

But ah! the destroyer soon lured him away,  
And those happy endearments are gone,  
And the victim is doomed in a prison to lay,  
There subdu'd to sorrow alone.

I saw the sad change hovering o'er his fate,  
When chill poverty entered his door,  
When stern creditors came to impatient to wait,  
And pressed him because he was poor.

And I saw the dark shadow o'ermantling his brow,  
As if telling the struggle within,  
For the dear ones he loved looked cold on him now,  
And the eyes that once shone were now dim.

I have followed him still to his gloomy abode,  
When his heart strings with anguish were press'd,  
I have been near his pillow when the tear-drops have  
From the fountain of grief within his breast flow'd.

I have heard the deep sigh; the lone prisoner's sigh!  
When the soul struggles hard with despair—  
And ah! I have heard when no one was nigh,  
The contrite petitioner's prayer. C. M.

### Miscellaneous.

#### Our Country is the Land for the Free.

##### A Pretty Story.

A few days ago, as the packet ship Hottinguer  
Capt. Bursley came up to the wharves at the foot  
of Fulton-st. with an immense cargo of passengers,  
'all well,' two very smart officers of the New York  
Police came aboard to pay certain international re-  
spects to some unfortunate criminal (in the eye of  
law) from the other side. They searched and  
searched, and looked and looked at every Greek  
who presented himself till one noble looking fellow  
of stalwart frame and well fashioned passed in re-  
view.

'Hallo!' said the New York officer, 'your name is  
you please.' 'Welch,' said the interrogated; 'No,'  
said the officer, 'that's an assumed title.'

'Tis true, it is assumed,' said a very pretty wo-  
man, coming up and appearing very much agitated,  
'but [with great emphasis] not for any disgraceful or  
dishonorable crime.' The gentleman was trans-  
fixed. 'What is your name?' said the officer.—  
'Walker,' was the response. 'I was engaged in the  
unfortunate troubles in Ireland, and put in the  
'Hue-and-Cry.' I thought I was free when I land-  
ed on the soil of America; if I am not I yield my-  
self up your prisoner.'

'By heaven,' said the officer, 'you mistake me;  
I have nothing to do with such matters. If a po-  
litical martyr, you have escaped to this free land,  
here is my hand for you and a hearty welcome,  
and if you or the lady there want money, here is  
my purse, and if you come along with me you shall  
have as much as you require.'

Mrs. Walker and her daughter (a beautiful girl  
of seventeen,) wept tears of joy and thankfulness,  
and they all cried out together that they were not  
disappointed in their expectations of the glorious  
Land of Liberty. Capt. Bursley told the story in  
a very few words. He said the lady came on board  
his vessel with four or five children who wanted  
passage from Liverpool to New York. He took  
them into the cabin and became much interested  
in them. In three or four days after the vessel  
had been at sea, a passenger in a peasant's dress  
presented himself on the quarter-deck and asked  
for Mrs. Walker.

'What do you want of her friend?' 'She'll tell  
you, Captain, dear, when she sees me,' said the  
steering passenger with a leer in his eye. Mrs.  
W. was invited on deck, and the moment she saw  
the 'Tipperary boy,' in his frieze jacket, she threw  
herself into his arms.

'Devlsh queer,' said the captain.  
'Very queer, entirely, Captain,' said Walker.—  
'Julia here, is nothing short of my wife. I escaped  
Johnny Bull's hemp, thank God; and if you have  
no objection, I'll spend the remainder of the voy-  
age with you as a cabin passenger.'

Capt. Bursley looked at the frieze coat. Mrs.  
W. spoke eloquently of better clothing through  
her beautiful eyes, and the cidevant peasant was regu-  
larly installed as a cabin passenger. The Captain  
of the Hottinguer says that a gray fellow or  
more perfect gentleman never navigated with him,  
than the Irish outlaw and the felon chief. Walker  
and his family 'went west' two days after landing  
in New York.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

Boston is said to be the Athens of Ameri-  
ca, and so it is, the intelligent class being con-  
sidered; but Locofocoism will make a 'Boston  
of Athens.' We find the following in the 'Boston  
Times':

'General,' said a friend to President Taylor,  
'what does Bem mean by saying Bem, Ban, Boun,  
in his despatch about his victory over the Austri-  
ans?' 'He means,' said General Taylor, 'that  
he gave 'em hell, damn 'em!'—and he winked  
slowly with his right eye, just as he did when San-  
ta Anna benevolently asked him to surrender at  
Buena Vista, to 'prevent the effusion of blood.'

A London paper contains the following  
item for the Malthusians:

'Mrs. Butterfield, of Hichen, has just presented  
her husband with their twenty-fourth child, about  
a month after the twenty-third anniversary of their  
wedding day.'

Charles Avery, a wealthy and philanthropic  
citizen of Allegany City, is erecting a large edifice  
at his own expense, for the purpose of found-  
ing a college for the benefit of colored people.

## From the National Intelligencer.

### Another Letter from Major Downing.

MASON AND DIXON'S SIDE OF SALT RIVER,  
August 11, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. RITCHIE:—You don't know how  
glad I be to see how you have spunked up since  
my last letter to you. You are raly giving it to the  
'corrupt and imbecile administration' pell-mell. I  
should think every 'dolt,' and every 'butcher,' and  
every 'Nero' among 'em must have a bung'd eye  
by this time. You do give it to 'em right and left  
about right. Uncle Joshua says you are the *Tom  
Hyer* of our party, and can whip any body the  
Feds can bring into the ring. But now I begin to  
feel uneasy for fear you'll overdo yourself and break  
down, and then we shan't have nobody to take care  
of us. Don't you remember the story of the tame  
elephant that was used to help launch vessels?—  
One time they put him to launch a vessel that was  
too heavy for him. After he tried once or twice  
and couldn't start it, the keeper called out, 'take  
away this lazy beast and bring another.' At that  
the poor elephant roused up and put his head to  
the vessel again, and pushed and strained himself  
so hard that he fell down and died. Now I don't  
want you to do so. When I write that letter to you  
two or three weeks ago to rouse you up a little, I  
didn't mean to make you so furious that you should  
run your head again the administration so hard as to  
break your neck, or strain yourself so much as to  
fall down dead. Nor I didn't mean that you should  
kill off all the administration, smack, smooth as  
dead as herrings, in two months. I meant to give  
you two or three years to do it in. Any time be-  
fore the next election would do. If you should  
kill 'em all right off before we have time to choose  
any body to take their places, you would have all  
the government on your own shoulders, and I'm  
afraid it would be too much for you. So I think  
you had better try to cool down a little; it ain't  
prudence to keep so hot all the time. That is, I  
mean on your own account, for fear you should  
overdo yourself and break down. And then again,  
there is such a thing as drawing too long a bow to  
hit the thing you shoot at. Major Longbow used  
to be quite unlucky in that way. You can make  
folks believe a middlin sized fish story, if you tell it  
well; but if you try to back it up with a tarred great  
cock-and-bull story, they'll go right back again and  
swear they don't believe the fish story. It's dan-  
gerous loadin guns too heavy, for then there's no  
knowing which will get the worst of it, him that  
stands before the muzzle or him that stands behind  
the brith. So I hopes you'll try to cool down a lit-  
tle, for I'm satisfied, since my last letter, you are  
firing away your ammunition too fast. And, besides,  
I don't think it's right for you at your time of life  
to be fightin so hard. Nor I don't think it neces-  
sary nuther; for things is brightnin up all over the  
country. Our party is all coming together agin and  
goin to carry all afore 'em, it's true the flocks and  
herds of our party has been dreadfully broke up  
and scattered about. The oxens didn't know their  
owners and sheeps hadn't no shepards, and the  
Taylor wolves has been prowlin about the country  
and carried off a great many of 'em. But from  
what I hear all over the country now, I am satisfied  
they are all comin together agin, and on a new  
platform; and that platform is *Mason and Dixon's  
side of Salt River*. Mr. John Van Buren is shoos-  
houn all over the northern states, and driven of  
'em up and headin of 'em all as fast as he can to-  
wards Mason and Dixon's side of Salt River. Mr.  
Calhoun in the southern states is whisin round his  
springy rater, making the hair and skin fly, and  
headin 'em all up towards Mason and Dixon's side  
of Salt River. And Col. Benton is crackin his long  
whip all over the great western country, and headin  
'em all across the prairies towards Mason and Dix-  
on's side of Salt River. And General Cass stands,  
you know, where he always has stood, on Mason  
and Dixon's side of Salt River, with a handful of salt  
in one hand and a nub of corn in 'tother, and lookin  
all round and calling of 'em to come to him and  
he'll feed 'em. So you see we have everything to  
encourage us. Things looks bright ahead. It won't  
be long before all the scattered flocks and herds of  
our party will be got together on this new plat-  
form on Mason and Dixon's side of Salt River;—  
and then we'll have things all our own way, and  
General Taylor and the Wilnot Proviso may go to  
grass.

Postscript. My dear old friend; I've jest got  
the Union of last Thursday, and I'm amazingly  
struck up, and my feelings is badly hurt, to see that  
you've got so bewildered that you seemingly don't  
know me. It's a melancholy sign when old folks  
get so bewildered that they take their oldest and  
best friends one for 'tother. Why, your head is  
turned right round. How could you say that I was  
a 'fictitious Major Jack Downing?' and that my last  
letter to you was a 'trashy forgery?' and that you  
would 'strip the mask from me?' I feel bad now  
about writing my last letter; I'm afraid you took it  
too hard, and have strained yourself so hard agin  
the administration that it's turned your head. I  
beg of you now, my dear friend, to let all drop  
right where 'tis; leave Mr. Burke to do the burkin  
and the fightin, and you go right out into the coun-  
try and put yourself under the 'cold-water cure'  
somewhere, and see if your head won't come right  
agin. I 'fictitious,' and you going to 'strip the mask  
from me!' Why, my dear friend, if you could only  
be up here five minutes on our new platform, on  
Mason and Dixon's side of Salt River, and jest lift  
the mask off my face one minute, you'd know me  
jest as easy as the little boy knew his daddy. You  
head couldn't be so turned but what you'd know  
me, for you'd see then the very same old friend  
that stood by you and General Jackson fifteen, six-  
teen and eighteen years ago; the same old friend  
that coaxed up General Jackson and made him for-  
give you for calling him such hard names before  
he was elected. His very ungrateful for you to for-  
get me now, that is, if you was in your right mind.  
For I'm the same old friend, the same Jack Down-  
ing, that was born and brought up in Downingville,  
drow down east in the state of Maine, and that  
away down to Portland in Jinnerway, 1830, with  
a load of ax-handles and bean-poles, and found the  
legislator in a dreadful snarl, all tied and tangled,  
and see-sawin up and down a whole fortnight, and  
couldn't choose their officers. I found my ax-han-  
dles and bean-poles wouldn't sell, so I took to po-  
litix and went to writin letters. The legislator foun-  
d out all winter; but I kept writin, and at last  
I got 'em straitened out. I kept on writin, for a  
whole year and got the politix of Maine pretty  
well settled. Then I see General Jackson was get-  
ting into trouble, and I footed it out to Washin-  
ton to give him a lift, and you know I always stuck by

him afterwards as long as he lived. I helped him  
fight the battles with Biddle's monster bank till we  
killed it off. I helped him put down nullification,  
and showed exactly how it would work if it got the  
upper hand, in my letter about carrying the raft  
logs across Sebago Pond, when Bill Johnson got  
mad and swore he'd have his log all to himself and  
so he cut the lashings and paddled off on his log  
alone, and then his log began to roll and he couldn't  
keep it steady, and he got drownded head over heels  
half a dozen times, and come pesky near being  
drownded. And that wasn't all I did keep nulli-  
fication off and help put it down. I brought on my  
old company of Downville militia to Washington,  
under the command of cousin Sargeant Joel, and  
kept 'em there with their guns all loaded till the  
danger was over. And I used to go up top of the  
Congress house every day and keep watch, and  
listen off towards South Carolina, so as to be ready  
the first moment nullification burst up there, to or-  
der Sargeant Joel to march and fire. The General  
always said the spunk I showed was what cowed  
nullification down so quick; and I kept writin let-  
ters from Washington to my old friend, the editor  
of the Portland Courier, and kept old Hickory's  
popularity alive among the people, and didn't let  
nobody meddle with his administration to hurt it.  
Well, then you know the General, in the summer  
of 1832, started off on his grand tower down east,  
and I went with him. You remember when we got  
to Philadelphia, the people swarmed round him so  
thick they almost smothered him to death; and the  
old General got so tired shakin hands that he  
couldn't give another shake, and came pretty near  
faintin away; and then I put my hand round near  
his arm and shook for him half an hour longer  
and so we made out to get through. I sent the  
account of it to my old friend of the Portland Cour-  
ier. Well, then, we jogged along to New York;—  
and there you remember we come pesky near get-  
ting a ducking when the bridge broke down at the  
Castle Garden. I sent the whole account of it to  
my old Portland Friend. Well, the next day, the  
original letter in a New York paper, giving an ac-  
count of the ducking at Castle Garden. Nobody  
couldn't dispute but what this was the true, gini-  
me, 'original' Downing document, although many  
'vile imitations' of it had been going on and pub-  
lished almost every week for two years. I say no-  
body couldn't dispute it because 'twas proved by  
scripture and poetry both. For the Bible says  
'the first shall be last, and the last shall be first';  
and poetry says, 'coming events cast their shadows  
before.' So the shadows, the 'vile imitation' had  
been flyin about the country for more than two  
years before the original event got along. I hope  
your head will get settled agin, so you can see thro'  
these things and understand 'em and know me as  
you used to. I can't bear the idea of your not  
knowing me, and thinking I am 'fictitious.'

Du try to refresh your mind a little; think how  
I stood by you and Mr. Polk, and helped you along  
through the Mexican war; and how I carried out  
dispatches from Mr. Polk to Mr. Trist in Mexico, and  
how I carried a private message from you to Gen.  
Taylor, to try to coax it out of him which side he  
was coming out on.

Good-bye, my dear friend; I hope next time I  
hear from you, you will be recovered and in your  
right mind, so as to know me and see that I ain't  
'fictitious'; for you haven't got a truer friend on Ma-  
son and Dixon's side of Salt River than your old  
friend,  
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

### From the Boston Transcript.

#### The Sea Serpent on our Coast Again.

We have received the following particulars,  
with the accompanying affidavit, from a correspond-  
ent. Mr. Marston is a well known fisherman, upon  
whose testimony the fullest reliance may be placed.  
'I, John Marston, of Swampscot, Mass., was walk-  
ing over Nahant Beach, on the day of the national  
fast, the 3d of August, when my attention was sud-  
denly arrested by seeing in the water within two  
or three hundred yards of the beach, a singular  
looking fish in the form of a serpent. I immedi-  
ately got on the highest point of the beach to have a bet-  
ter view of the animal. This queer looking fish, at  
this time, turned his head toward Swampscot beach.  
He moved with the greatest rapidity, and kept his  
course along by the beach with a sheer toward the  
ocean. He kept on toward Red Rock, near the  
point called King's beach. He was in sight from  
15 to 20 minutes. His head was out of water say  
a foot more or less.

'There were two gentlemen passing in a chaise  
at the time, and I stopped them and told them if  
they wanted to see the sea serpent, that he was  
there, and that they could see him. One of them  
jumped out of the chaise or buggy, and although  
the serpent was then at a distance, yet this man  
saw him and was convinced it was a serpent. I do  
not know the name of this man. I mentioned this  
fact to several friends at Nahant and at Swampscot,  
that day and evening. I should think him at least  
80 or 100 feet in length. I saw the whole body  
of this serpent, not his wake, but the fish itself.—  
He would rise in the water with an undulatory  
motion, and then all of his body would sink except  
his head, then his body would rise again. His head  
was above water all the time. This was about 8  
o'clock A. M. It was quite calm. I have been  
constantly engaged in fishing since my youth, and  
I have seen all sorts of fishes and hundreds of horse  
mackerel, but I never before saw anything like this.'

Swampscot, Aug. 18th, 1849.

Then personally appeared before me the before  
named John Marston, and made oath that the  
above statement was the truth.

W. THOMPSON, Justice of the Peace.

Swampscot, Mass. Aug. 18th, 1849.

#### Kings of France the last half Century.

Louis XVI. guillotined.  
Louis XVII. died of want.  
Louis XVIII. twice exiled.  
Napoléon exiled.

The only son of Napoleon, excluded from the suc-  
cession by a treaty signed among others by his  
grand-sire, the emperor of Austria—also himself  
early called away, by death, in a foreign land.

Charles X. dethroned.  
Henry V. proscribed.

Louis Philippe, put to flight.  
The duke of Orleans, the son of Louis Philippe,  
was greatly beloved, but he died at the age of thirty,  
from a fall upon the pavement.

The Count of Paris rejected.

## A DUTCH CURE.

Ven I lay myself town in my lonely pet room,  
Und tries to shleep very soant,  
Be threame, oh how into my het day vill comes,  
Till I wish I was under de grout.

Sometimes, ven I eate von pig supper I threame  
Dat my stomack ish fill full of stones;  
Und out of my shleep, like der derived I schreame,  
Und kick off to pet klose und kroane!

Den dar, ash I lays, mit de pet klose all off,  
I kites myself all over froze;  
In de morning I vakes mit de het-ake und kof,  
Und I'm shick from mine het to mine toes.

Oh, vat schall pe tun for a poor man like me—  
Vot for I do lead such a life?  
Some says dere's a cure for dis trouble for me—  
Dinks I'll thry it und ket me a vize!

**Avow Your Principles.**

The following beautiful extract from an address  
delivered by the Rev. Dr. Olin before the students  
of the University at Middletown, Connecticut, is so  
appropriate to the times we live in that we at once  
adopt it:

'Always be ready to avow your principles of  
action. Put out your colors to the gaze of men  
and angels. There is a false prudence—a mock  
modesty, which inculcates the opposite method.—  
It is well and safe to stand committed to the right,  
that the world may know, in advance, where you  
will be found in any day of trial; and it is a reflection  
upon a good man's intelligence or integrity to  
have his opinions and principles forever unsettled  
or in doubt. Society has a right to know what it  
may expect from him, and justly suspects him of  
interested and dishonest aims, when he chooses to  
remain undecided and uncommitted till suffrage  
has announced the safe way. Educated men are  
the natural sources and guides of popular opinion,  
and they are bound to stand forth boldly, to battle  
with prejudice and breast the inundation of pas-  
sion,—though at some risk of being swept away by  
its fury. The principles of the educated, active,  
influential men of every community, generally be-  
come its public sentiment. On this account it was  
that the laws of Athens held any citizen was an  
enemy to the state, who remained a neutral in any  
important crisis or question of general interest. The  
Redeemer of the world has given to this equitable  
principle the sanction of religion, and it is only they  
who confess before men, whom he will confess be-  
fore the angels in heaven. Let every one who  
would not become a mere puppet and time-server,  
beware of feeling more solicitude for promotion than  
he does for his principles. If they are to be put  
down, it is a misfortune and a snare to rise, and he  
should blush and suspect himself a knave, who is  
conscious of grudging the sacrifice which it may  
cost him to be an honest man. No valuable ends  
beside those of selfish or profligate ambition, can  
ever be secured by such dishonorable successes;  
and any but a weak or unscrupulous man will pre-  
fer to bide his time and wait for auspicious days,  
when God, whose attributes ever side with the  
right, will pluck its drowned honors from the deep,  
and make the conscientious and the brave sharers  
in its triumphs.'

## Temperance Declaration.

The New York Organ says it has received the  
following declaration with General Taylor's name  
affixed:

### DECLARATION.

Being satisfied from observation and experience,  
as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirit  
as a drink, is not only needless but harmful, and that  
the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the  
virtue and happiness of the community, we hereby  
express our conviction that, should the citizens of  
the United States, and especially all young men,  
discontinuance entirely the use of it, they would  
not only promote their own personal benefit, but  
the good of the country and the world.

JAMES MADISON,  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,  
ANDREW JACKSON,  
MARTIN VAN BUREN,  
JOHN TYLER,  
JAMES K. POLK,  
ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Of Gen. Harrison, the Sabbath Recorder says:—

'He died so soon after his inauguration to the  
Presidency, that time was not allowed to procure his  
signature to the declaration. He would doubtless  
have signed it, as it was generally understood, that  
soon after the temperance reform was agitated, he  
at once closed the fires of a large distillery in which  
he was interested.'

COMFORTS OF AN EDITOR.—Somebody who  
'knows the ropes,' thus discourses of the comforts  
attending the life editorial:

If he does not fill his paper with news of im-  
portance, whether there be any or not, it is condemned  
for not being what it purports to be—a newspaper.  
If he does not at least fill one column every  
week with something laughable, his folio is pro-  
nounced uninteresting.

If a public nuisance should exist, notice of it  
would offend; and